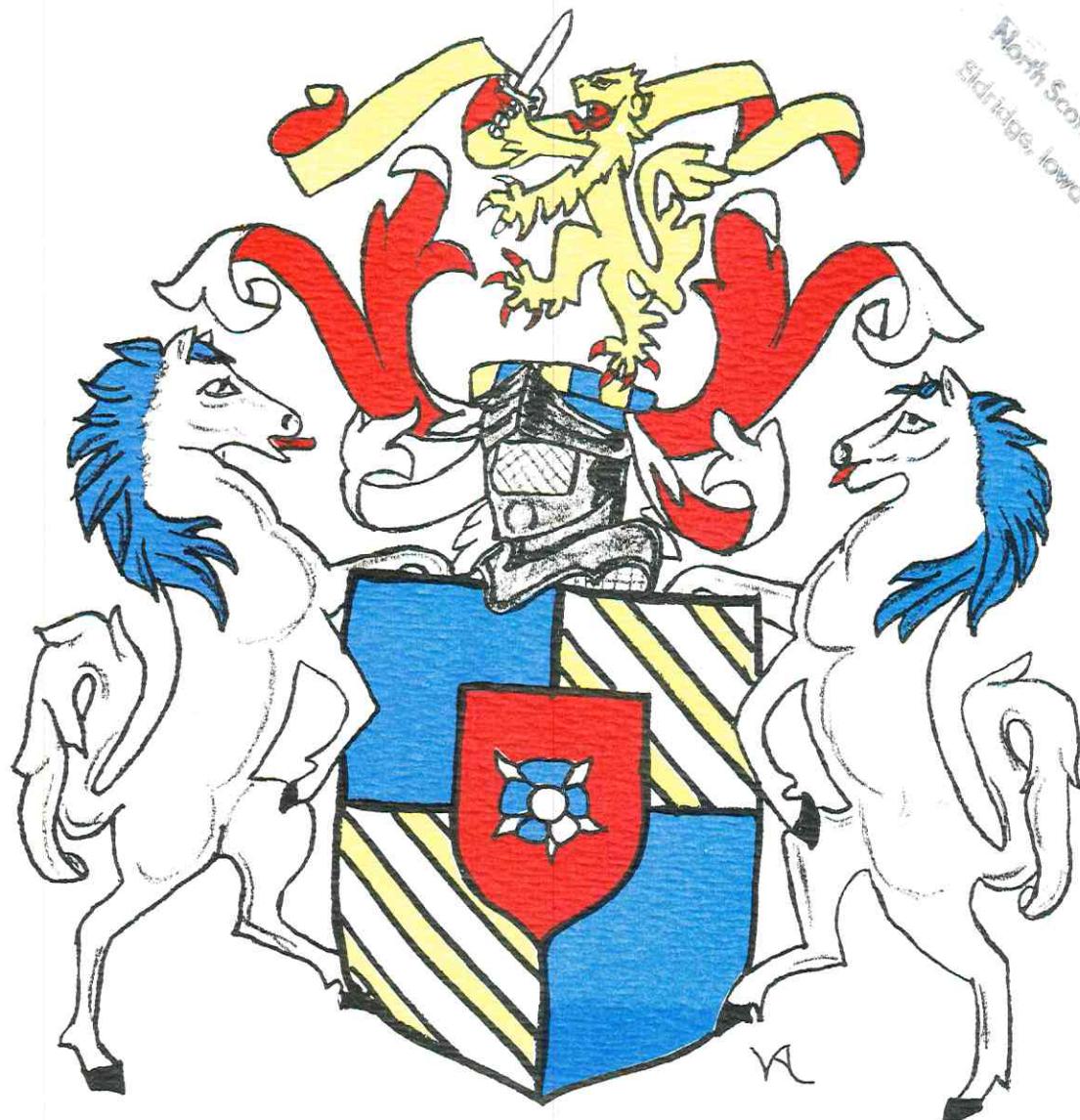


Morning Star

Vol. 6
1988-1989
North Scott High School
Eldridge, Ia. 52748



North Scott High Library
Eldridge, Iowa 52748

Morning Star

Vol. 6
1988-1989
North Scott High School
Eldridge, Ia. 52748

Editors

Amy Birtell -- Editor-in-chief
Kelli Hoag -- Assistant Editor

Editorial Board

Jenny Birtell
Robin Dobernecker
Jeff Lassiter
Kelly McDonnell
Cassie Mickelson
Chris Payson
Beth Sawdey
Becky Schroeder
Lisa Smith
Beth Splinter
Jami Van Ryswyk
Megan Shirman

North Scott High School
Eldridge, Ia. 52748

Advisors

Gene Conrad & Dennis Hennigan
Language Arts Department

Special Acknowledgments

Dr. Gary Ratigan
Bernie Peeters, Art Instructor
Jay Holland & Mr. Mike Kielkopf

Cover Art

Victoria Lockhart

Language Arts Faculty

Len Cockman	Dennis Hennigan	Steve Mohr
Gene Conrad	Judith Jacobs	Harlan VanderVine
Diane Hall	Mike Kielkopf	

Morning Star...

...is the name of a medieval weapon, but the term also signifies the awakening freshness and potential of young artists and writers at North Scott. This sixth annual collection of creative student expression joins The Lance, the student newspaper, and The Shield, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.



North Scott High Library
Eldridge, IA





A Call to Peace

What is this race for Power?
We can't help the homeless
But yet we can end all life
By the push of a button.
We don't need a Star Wars System
We need peace
Peace is there
but never seen.
The American dream is freedom.
But what's freedom when
two people can choose to end
the human race.
In a second we could be gone
without a trace.
So now we put Nuclear Weapons into
space
as I live I want to say
I hope I don't live to see the day
When Nuclear Powers are released
And all that remains is deceased
So what is Peace?

Chad Bekkum '92

Old Times

The notes echo through the hall.
Everlasting sounds remain
Even though the players are gone
The years have made the music
Old yellow and faded
But the mellow melodies remain
Full of happiness and tears.
Crescendos and diminuendos
Create the scenes of yesterday.

Amy Birtell '90

Power

The Nuclear Threat
makes me upset
As the Armsrace
Goes into Space
Humans could die
Without a trace
But why?
But yet peace is still there.
What is this race for Power?
But would you want to destroy a
beautiful flower?
It isn't fair!
So we live in despair
As the missles fly throughout the air
The human race is at its doom
All if wait for is the...Boom!

Chad Bekkum '92

What a Day!

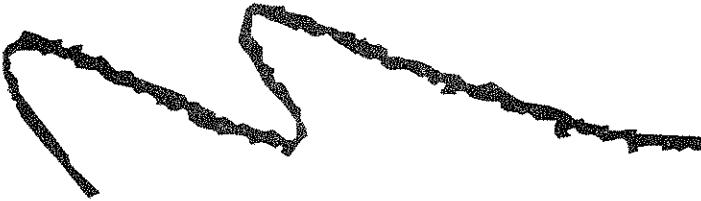
Have you ever had a day,
when things just don't work out your
way?
You're all glum, in the dumps, and just
plain old sad.
But then you think hey, wait a minute
life really isn't so bad.
Every day that's bad has some good,
so if you haven't smiled today you really
should.
The day that started so bad at first
surely didn't turn out the worst.
A day that seems so hard to bear,
can turn out good from anywhere!

Jenny Birtell '92

Oh, What We Take for Granted!

The world they say is dark and dreary,
The people who live there are worn and weary.
But what these people don't usually see,
Is a place where everyone wants to be.
The sun rises every morning, and sets at night.
The moon turns the darkness into light.
The seasons change with careful timing.
Animals are a scurrying and birds are flying.
Natural beauty surrounds us from shore to shore,
My final question is, "Who could ask for anything more?"

Jenny Birtell '92



Onward Spring!

I woke one morning to discover,
blossoming tulips and bright green clover,
Newborn chicks and a new calf too,
make me understand the proud mother's moo.
Winter coats put to rest,
into springwear, which I like best.
Although the fireplace will no longer be stoked,
I'm glad Old Man Winter has finally croaked.

Jenny Birtell '92



Sometimes as love passes us by
A spark is caught in shadow's eye.
The spark becomes a feeble flame,
A tangled web, a lover's game.
The feeling so warm, so free, so true,
The feeling so often I have for you
In lieu of all you drew me on,
If not for you I would be gone.
You became a close and caring friend,
Showing me how time would mend.
Thank you for what you willingly share,
The true bond of love will never tear.
Too tightly held, it should never be,
If you love someone just set them free.

Nikki Carr '89



Darkness surrounds,
embodying the soul;
Searching for the dream,
that has long since been shattered;
Trying to pick up the pieces,
all the while asking why;
Yearning for what could have been,
Hurt overwhelms the entire being.

A glimmer of light shines through the darkness-
Set your sights on that glimmer of light.

Take the hand that reaches out to help,
Let the strength flow through you.
Allow those who care to put the pieces together,
Let the love replace the hurt.

And search for the light that becomes brighter
come each passing day.

Sheri Catlin '91

For You My Friend I Pray:

That the abounding love I feel for you is shown
in my every action and heard in my every word.

I Pray:

That today and every day you will feel the
warmth of our friendship as I do.

I Pray:

That our friendship will grow in love and trust
every day so that we may become closer.

I Pray:

That through all you do
I will be forever beside you until the end of time.

I Pray:

That each sunrise means a new beginning
and each sunset an anticipation of tomorrow.

I Pray:

That now and forever
you will feel loved and needed.

Sheri Catlin '91

Thanks for being who you are.
Thanks for being you
Thanks for always being there,
Whenever I needed you.
Thanks for being that special friend,
That will always be true.
I'll always be a forever
friend to you!

Robyn Dobernecker '90

A camera couldn't take a picture,
Of the softness of your touch.
A camera couldn't reproduce that laughter of yours
I love so much.
A picture couldn't make me feel,
The way I did, in your arms.
A picture couldn't sweep me away,
the way you do with your charms.
Your picture only makes me remember
How much I wanted to stay.
This picture only reminds me
That I care about you
So very much!

Robyn Dobernecker '90

I sit here and think about you
The way you smile,
The way you laugh.
You bring new meaning to the word special.
You're always there for me,
To help me smile and laugh,
And to let me know it's okay to cry.
Don't ever stop being you,
because I'd miss you.

Robyn Dobernecker '90



LEE HESS

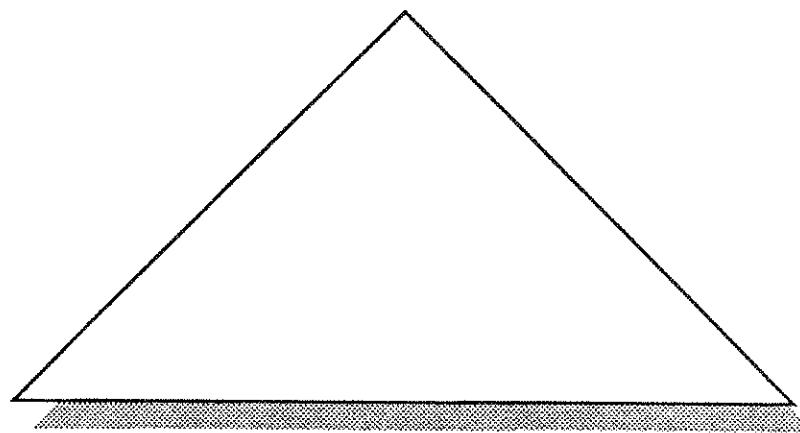
Many people like to go
Into the deep white snow
Coming in the house to see
"Happy Days" on your T.V.
Even though you may frown,
Lakes can sometimes make you drown.
Little children like to play
Every night and every day.
Have you ever been to see
A place where lives many a bee?
Under a mossy rock,
Go look for a clock.
Every day you see this poem
Rome, Rome, you'll wish for Rome!

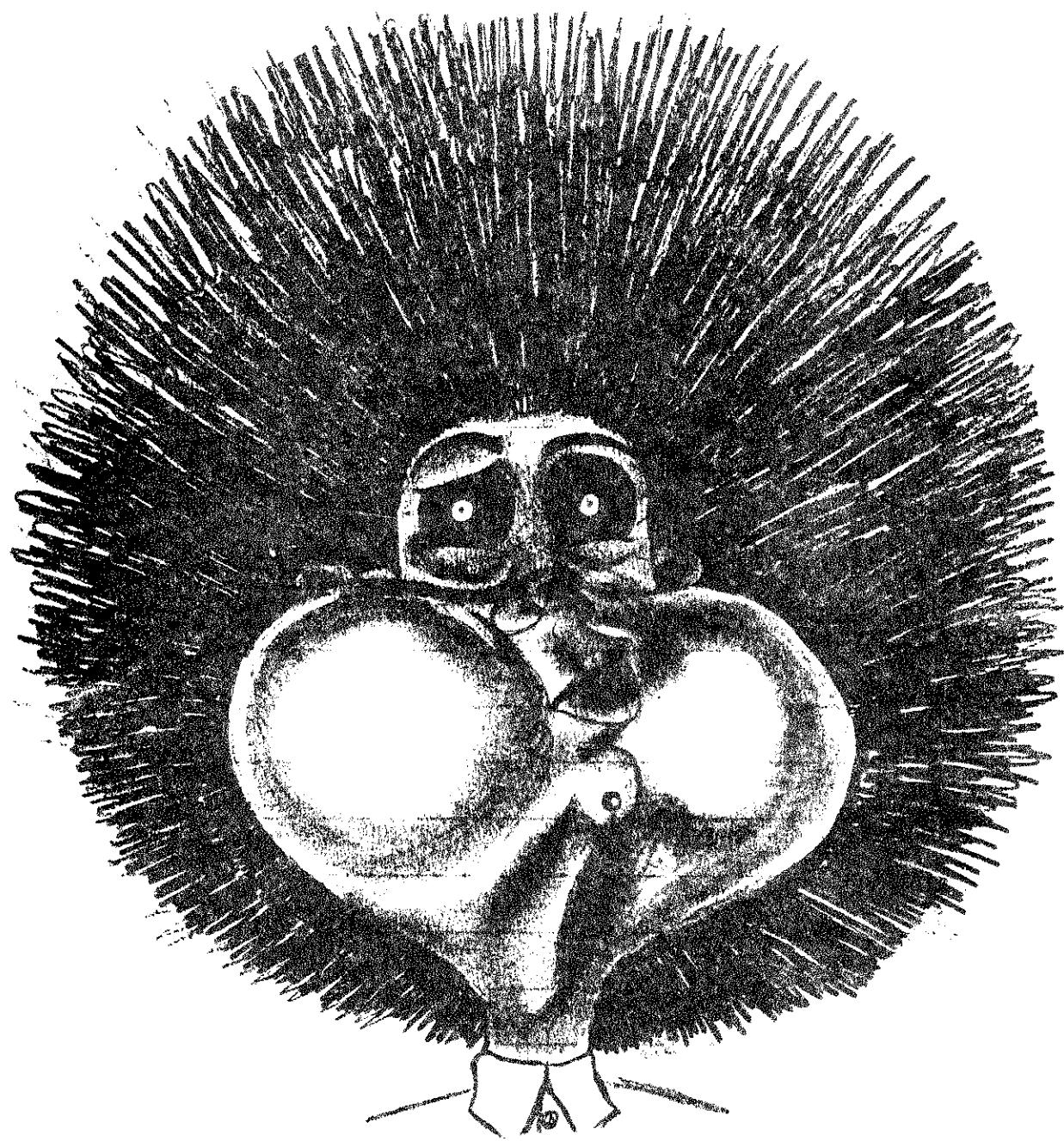
Michelle Hauger '90

A Gem of a Storm

a Blanket of Black onyx cover the land
Trees of emeralds, seas of saphire raging
sweet and full of fire
raindrops of Pearls fall heavy
with spite down through the trees in a furious flight
Then the sun Like a diamond cuts through the storm
vibrant with Life, and a Brand new day begins to form.

Jenny Hannum '89

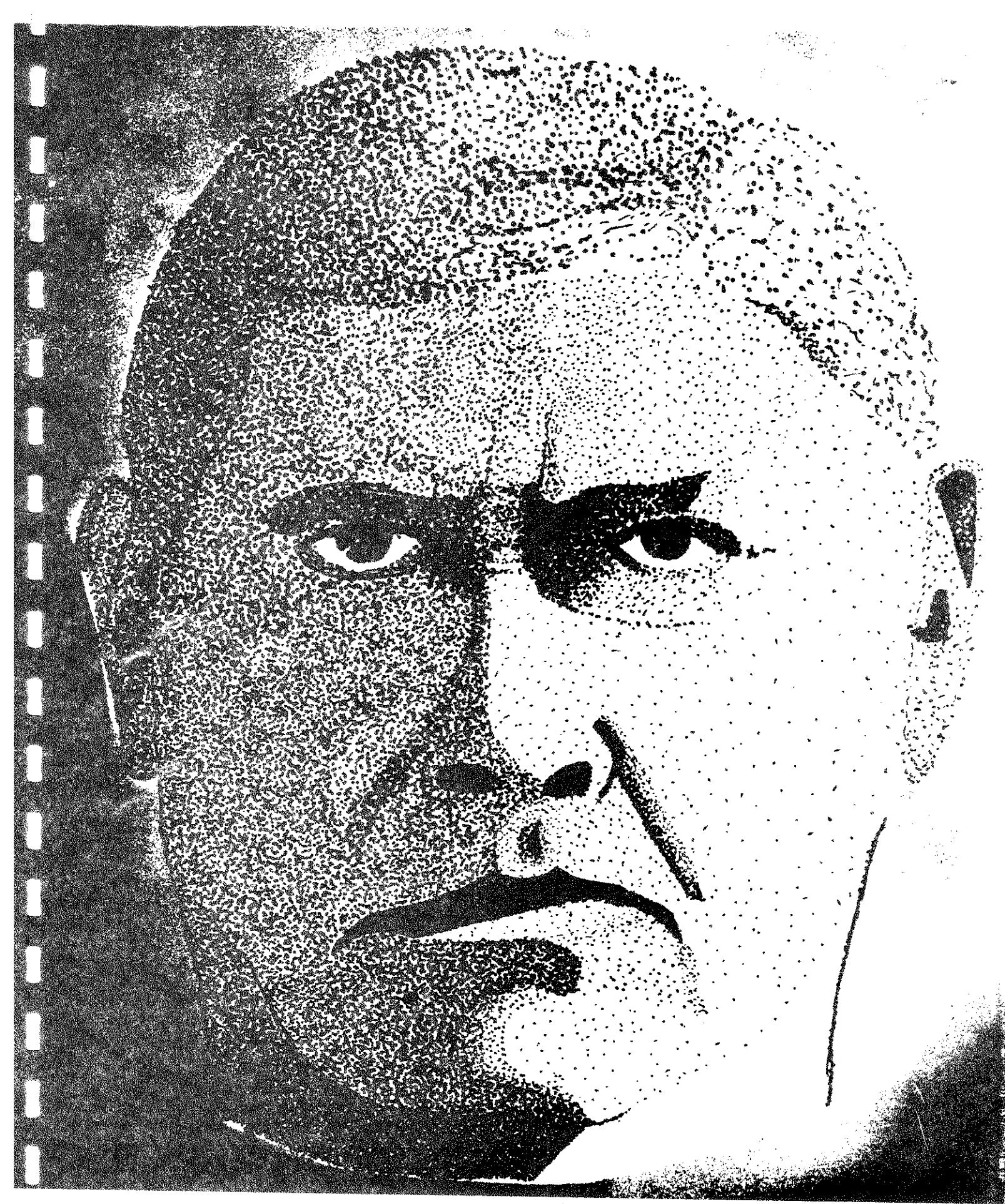




Finale

a painted Dagger
a pointing Knife
an enameled Blade
to End your Life
Painted with scenes of
Beauty and Love
the Scent of a flower
the Flight of a Dove
Death comes to claim
What Life left behind
a Lovely Scene which
has finally Died
Nothing is left now
no Hopes in this Shell
the Dreams all fled
when the living Fell
Time moves Onward
and Upward and Out
Life is but Short so
Leave behind Doubt
Live for yourself for
God and All
then They will Remember
when you finally Fall
Love what you encounter
Honour whom you meet
then in the End
the Finale is Sweet
Everyone will Benefit
from those that choose to live
the World full of Beauty
and the Gifts that they Give

Janeen Heiman '90



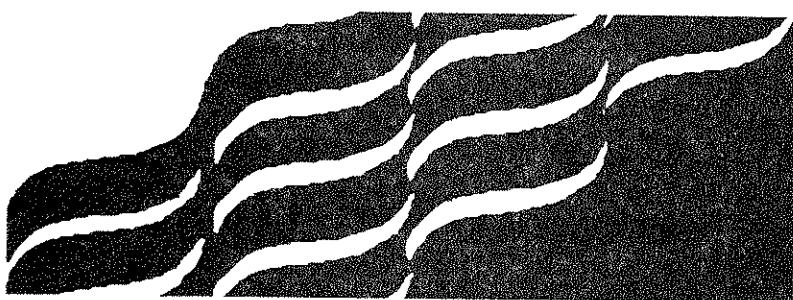
Rustle

The tawny leaves hang on with all their might
to stay just one more night.
Every spring and summer day,
they rustled and fought to stay.
But elderly they now are,
and the wind is winning the battle by far.
The rustling soon stops and harder the
wind blows,
carrying the leaves as far as they can go.
Rustle.
No longer.

Kelli Hoag '90

The capillaries of your mind
hold sensations.
They lead to the streams of your thoughts.
The thought process is a complicated confusion.
The intertwining rivers pour into the
basins of feelings
and cause emotions to erupt.
They continue to wash up against the
shores of your thoughts.
Never hide what you feel.
Your thoughts will travel a long
distance.
Through your vessels and to others.

Kelli Hoag '90



The End

Leaving my bike in the ditch, I walked into the golden field of grass. It was mid-September and the temperature was still fairly warm. With dusk rapidly approaching, I knew I should start biking back into town. But it was good to be here with the breeze, swishing through the long grass. A storm of undesirable magnitude was brewing but for now it was still calm.

Looking westward at the fading aura of dusk, a line of a song came to me:

"There's a feeling I get, when I look to the west, and my spirit is crying for leaving."

It was only a song but it touched my soul where it was weeping too.

Making my way back through the grass, I felt drops of water running down my face. Glancing upward, I half-expected to see rain but the sky was clear still. I then realized I was crying for I saw the end and nothing could stop it's fury.

Brian Lindaman '92

Sounds of Silence

there are the times One
yearns for Something new.

But try as She might,
she can't quite seem to get There.

Her atmosphere isn't
Right.

She can't fully grasp the
Reality of Her situation;
She must find Quiet!

Thru the Silence that She
experiences,
She is able to find Herself
and know what it is that
She wants.

the sounds of Silence.

Krystal Litwiller '90



Reflections

I

I look in
my eyes and
this is
what I see.

I see Torment
raging like a
tempest.

I see Fear
cloaked in the
shadows of
darkness.

I see Frustration
contained in a
tangled web of
emotions.

II

I look inside
my mind.
Nothing is clear;
everything is
surrounded by
fog.

Guidance is
the force
needed to clear a path.

III

I look inside
my heart.

Countless wounds
lie open, crying
out to be
healed.

Love is the
tenderness needed
to take away the
hurt.

Krystal Litwiller '90

Contemplation

Here I sit in the
flowered-filled garden.
Roses, daffodils, tulips
in abundance.

Often I sit here
Wondering about the future,
The scent of the flowers
Sometimes clouding
My reasoning.

Now 'tis night and
I am still here,
Thinking I should leave
But not knowing how.

Maybe it's because I'm
Afraid to face reality.

Krystal Litwiller '90

Abstract

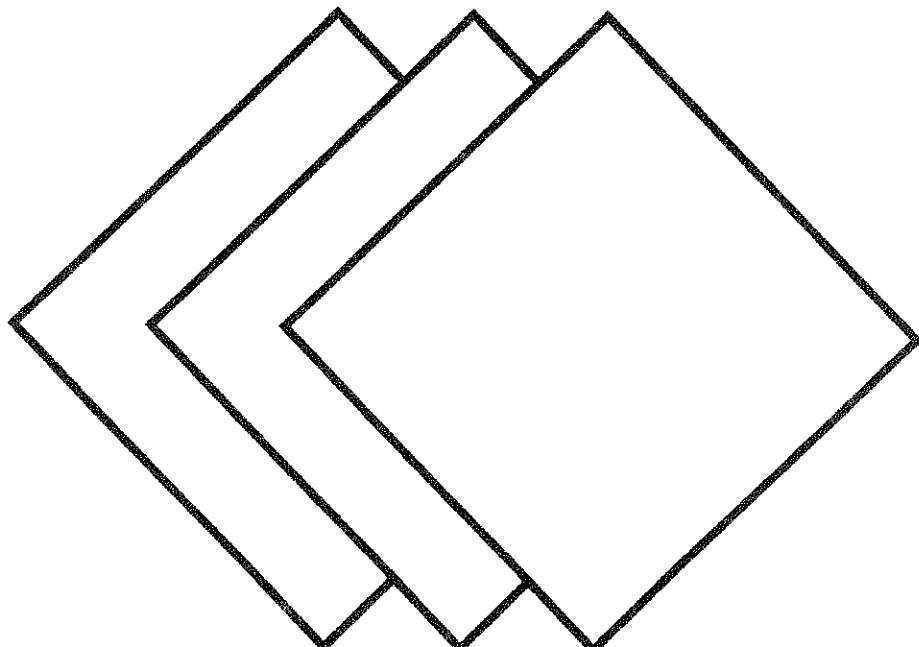
Thank God that the world
Is not full of clones;
People are individualists.

No, everyone isn't from the
Same mold and they shouldn't
Be expected to be that way.

Life is like an abstract
Painting.
There is no set pattern or
Form to follow.
The painter just goes by
Instinct.

Their one force guiding us
To our own self-fulfillment.

Krystal Litwiller '90





A Cold Reminder

The wind is blowing and you feel
it on your neck

Leaves are swirling about your feet
in a array of color.

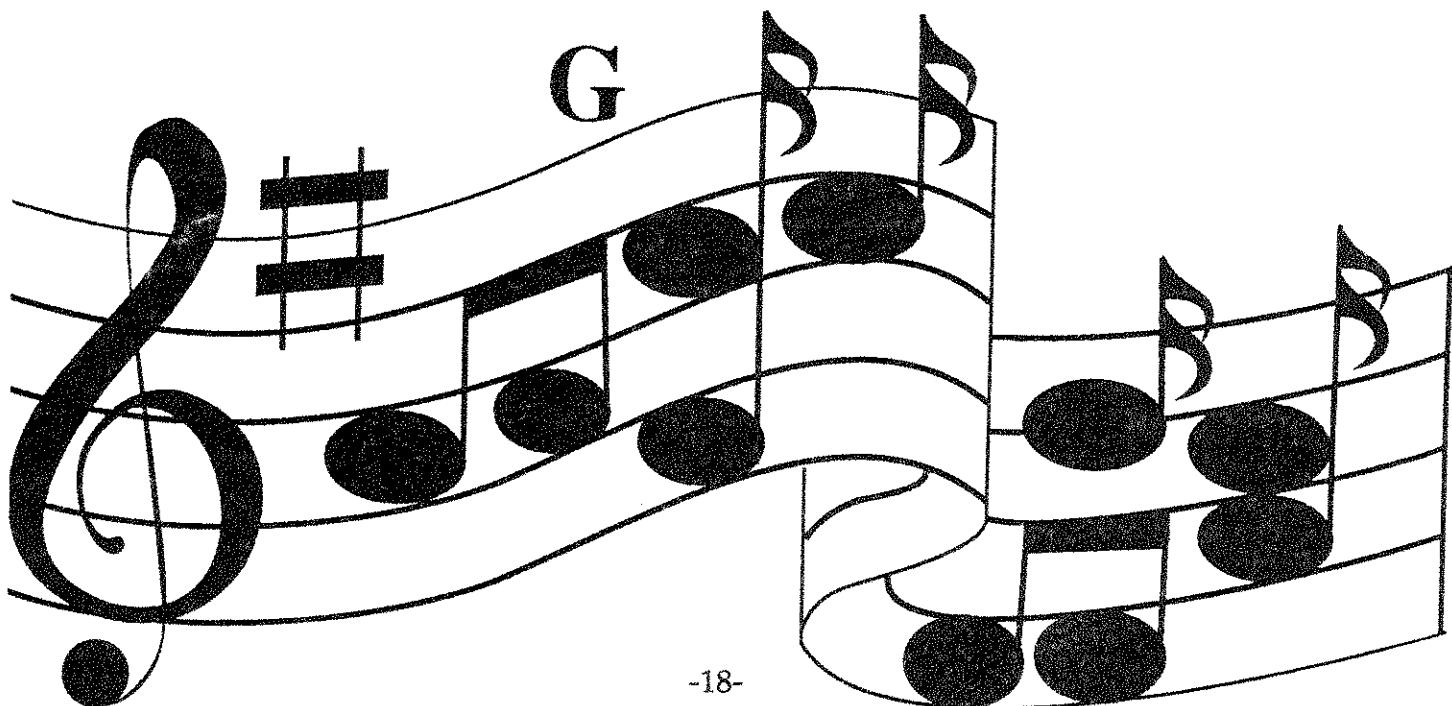
You look around for the warm
memories of the summer only
to be drowned out by
the beckoning months ahead
Suddenly you find yourself cold
and alone

Gone is the summer sun and
the one you loved

Now the only thing brought
by the cold winter ahead is
cold blooded pain

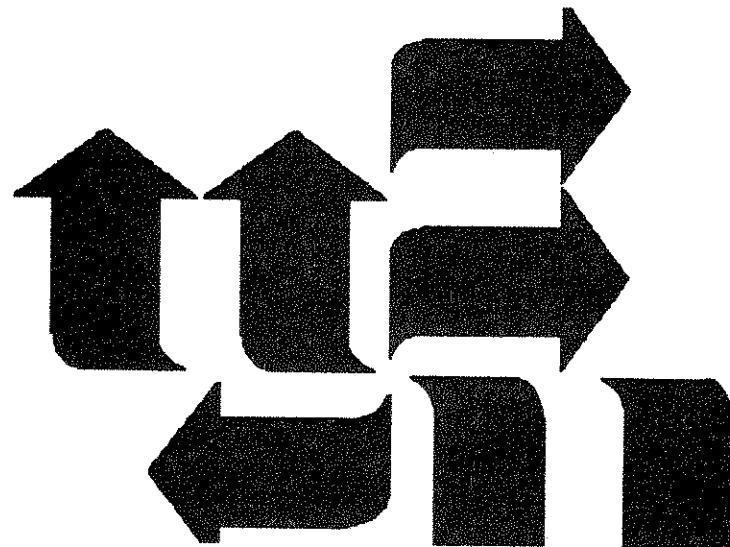
You feel it as the wind blows
about you.

Heidi Lung '92



Life is being out of the cold,
It's very sunny and just right for relaxing,
Everywhere you look there are babes flocking,
Around every corner you walk there's a surf shop,
Most people wear tank-tops or no shirts at all,
It's fun to run along the sandy beaches,
Once in a while you'll spot a beautiful seashell,
You can also rent a convertible,
And drive to the beautiful Florida Keys,
Looking at the unique palm trees,
There will always be one or two Mercedes Benzes around,
It's always fun to journey to the swamplands,
But you always have to watch out for large alligators,
The Gulf of Mexico surrounds one-half of Florida,
And the Atlantic Ocean surrounds the other half,
Some beaches have brown sand,
But the white sand is more beautiful,
It's fun to watch girls in skimpy bikinis,
If you're real good they'll let you rub lotion on them,
But the most dangerous part of life is watching out for falling coconuts.

Ryan Iossi '92





Fine Clothes Makes Fine Persons

Clothing can make a person feel better about themselves and make them act better. But this is not always true. Many people who dress good aren't fine. In this case this uniform made him feel important and had a very good effect on him.

Kim Meyers '92

On the Steps of Her Heart

On the steps of her heart
you want to be a part
of that beating pulse
which yearns for something else

She cries in her sleep
her thoughts too deep
you try to get in
she won't let you

Child she is, yet something so much
more
She left you standing alone at the
door
Friends you see she has more than
one
There truly are none

You wonder why you try to be
a part
Its like an endless start
and again your left on the
steps of her heart
Beating to get in

Heidi Lung '92



To B.J.

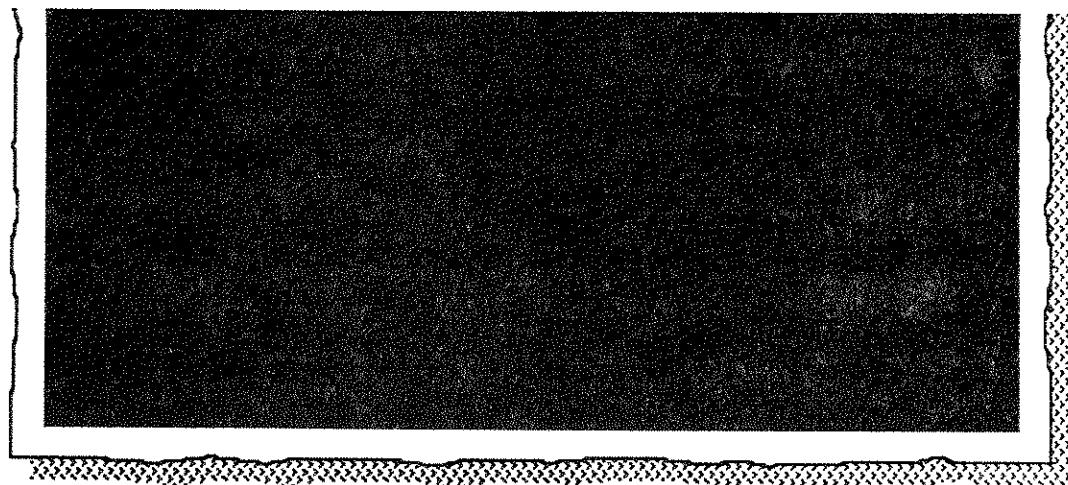
I feel so safe in your arms
as though nothing could harm me;
We are always within reach of each other,
sharing our deepest thoughts and
emotions;
I have never felt this way before and I
hope you feel the same way too,
for I have never truly loved before
I met you;
You are my prince who has rescued me
from the emptiness and sorrow
which once held me prisoner;
I hope we last forever,
for I know I will never find
someone as beautiful as you--

Victoria Lockhart '89

Time

Life is just a short minute in infinity,
because of that we should take
the time
to find what we want our life to
mean;
We should not want to become mere
specks of dust in this tremendous
world;
We will want to be remembered by those
who exist,
and those who are not yet in
existence;
So sit,
It will only take one short minute,
and reflect on what you have
achieved
and what you wish to attain.

Victoria Lockhart '89





the rain falls slowly down

shimmering drops adhere to
lush green grass

splashing off the shivering
body of a lone deer

a screeching blue jay swoops
by offering its complaint to
the cloud covered sky

the gleaming pellets its
insistent answer

the sun slowly peaks through
a small crack in the
omnious grey blanket

throwing a glittering beam
toward the earth

and all is silent

Teri Lavender '89

The Run

Everyone in the world has experienced nervousness before but the muscles twitching in my stomach right now feel like snakes writhing in a knot. I'm stretching out before a race and my legs won't stop jumping around. I feel loose so I get up and start jogging to get the blood flowing to stiff joints and muscles.

The 5 minute mark sounds and my stomach continues with its aerobics. I run a few sprints maxing my stride to its longest potential. I hear the whistle for the race and instantly break out in shivering beads of perspiration. I line up on the starting line and take off my sweats. In spite of the chilly air, I keep on sweating. I'm warm. I'm ready. I take a deep breath. I'm unstoppable. The starter raises his hand.

The crack explodes in my ears as my mind screams: Run! I sprint to keep up with the pack, then decrease my speed administering a few polite elbows and shoves to get a position. Just when I'm feeling good, my lungs start to ache deep down. I lengthen my stride and glance ahead seeing the timer yelling out times at the halfway point. I barely glance at him.

Brian Lindaman '92

The Season to Snowmobile

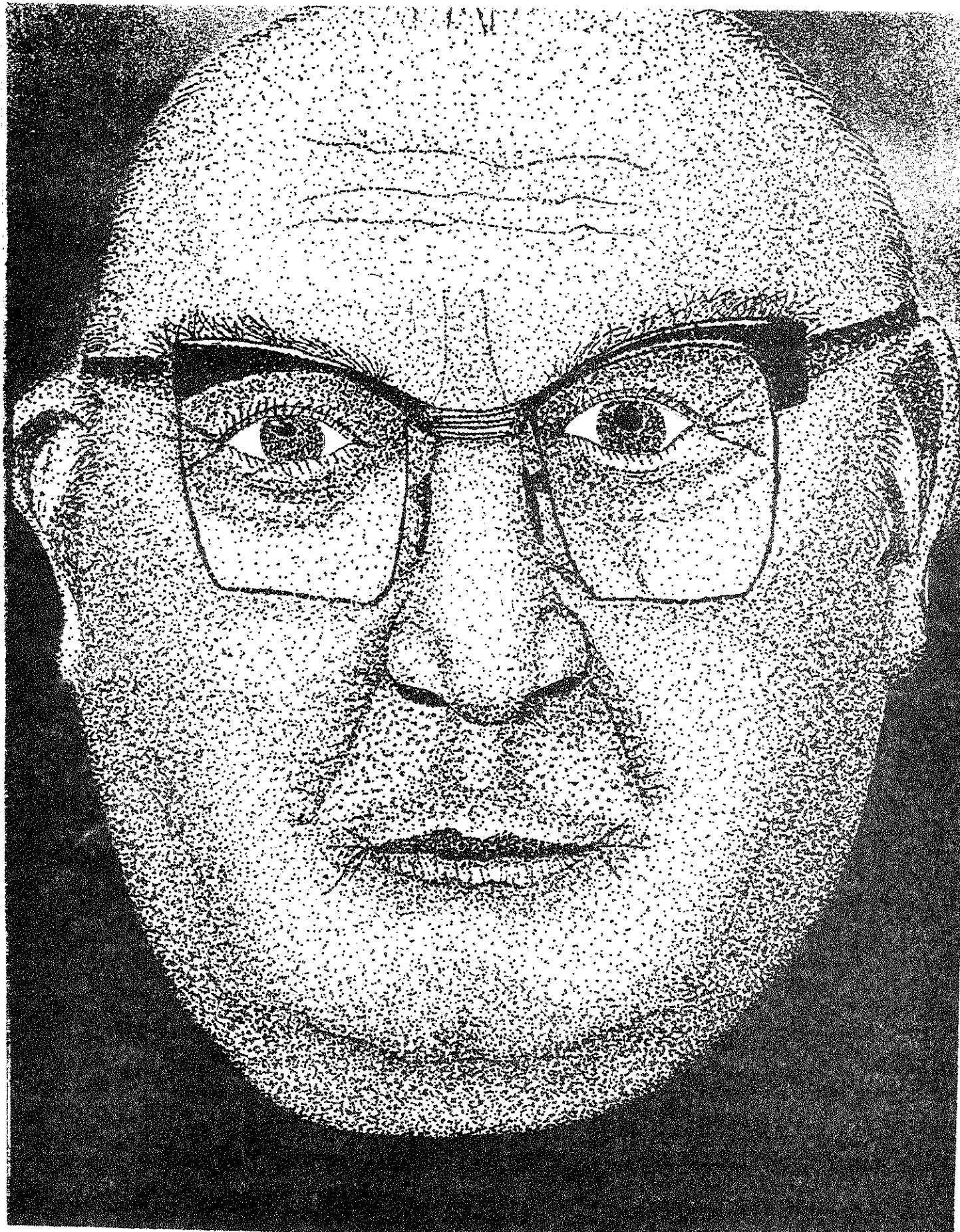
As the snow falls, a layer of white snow blankets the Earth. In the morning the sun creeps through the curtains; I decide to get dressed. After I put on my snowmobile suit, I open the door and feel the cold breeze on my body. It puts a cold chill through me. I sit on the seat of my snowmobile and hear it crack under me. I pull the choke and crank the engine over until it starts. After a minute or two, I push the choke in, then the throttle and I fly to the field. I open her up getting up to 60 mph, I head to the pond. As I reach the pond, I turn to the left and press the throttle in all the way. I do a doughnut and a half. After repeating this over and over, I decide it is time to go home and soak up some of the heat from the fire place.

George Lucas '92

A Character Sketch

Boregard Harris sat on the hard, brown park bench. His old arthritic hands held the paper with expertise. He flipped through the TIMES as he had every day for the past 33 years. His old, wrinkled face contorted in sorrow when he saw his mother's friend's name finally in the obituaries. His double chin started wrinkling up as his eyes began to let the tears flow.

Dan Morey '90



Love is...
Love is like a sunrise,
 glorious with expectations of the day--
Love is like an old teddy bear,
 soft and warm--
Love is like money,
 cherished and dealt with wisely--
Love is like a fairy tale,
 full of good things with a happy ending--
Love is like an old pair of jeans,
 comfortably fitted--
Love is like wine,
 it gets better in time--
Love is like a thunderstorm,
 fierce and wild, but afterward, brings
 new life into the world--
Love is like a sunset,
 filled with warm colors commemorating
 the day--
Love is like you and me,
 in it, all of these, I see--

Vicki Lockhart '89

The weather outside is a dreary kind.
 The rain out there could drive the
 sanest man mad.
 The storm is coming like an attacking
 army.
 Seeking happiness as its prey and sorrow as its
 ally.
 Yet there is a certain art, a certain state
 of being, a plan.
 It starts with a sprinkle or a colossal
 like down pour.
 Making a balance of life, too much or too little.
 The rain can make or break nature
 without a second thought.
 The tropical rain forest drown and
 deserts dehydrate.
 What about the lands on the balance scale
 tilting to either side?
 But as usual life goes on along with
 nature.
 And as the storm passes and storms yet
 to come,
 I think of this and relieve my tension.

Greg Langfitt '92

Time has stopped in study hall,
 The last period of the day,
 why be in here anyway.
Why listen to Heiman Hall and Schroeder Shout,
 Why inside instead of out.
 Why sit here really bored,
 going crazy in my gourd.
 Why sit seat 5 row 1,
 when I really want to do is go out and have fun.

Greg Langfitt '92

Winter

It's Depressing

It seems like everything is ending
the green leaves are dried
grass brown, dead brown
The sun no longer shines
upon the Earth
People are inside
snuggled up close to their fires
hiding, staying away from the cold

It's Romantic

Lovers are forced to stay inside, together
next to the warm, cozy fire
When the snow gently makes its way
to the Earth

It's Exciting

Skiers swooshing down the hills
racing, back and forth
kids screaming with laughter
as their sled makes its way down the hill
Iceskating, Hockey
Sports for young and old
Enjoying every minute
Not thinking about the depressing
part of this season

Kelly McDonnell '91

Sunsets

Brilliant colors fill the sky
like pastel rainbows
to a lover's eye
sitting under, the great mirage
with dreams come true
and joyous awes

Kelly McDonnell '91

Clowning Around

(how I learned to love the circus)

"Sorry, Tony. My mom said if I don't take Chad to the circus," Holly said, "We won't be going out anymore."

When my girlfriend Holly said that, I almost died. We had usually gone out by ourselves on Fridays, but now her turdy little brother had to tag along. And to top it all off, we had to go to the circus! Wonderful!

When we left, Chad was reading his latest issue of 'Creepy Clown Comix Monthly.'

"I hope we see some clowns. I hate clowns! Boy, I'm gonna mess 'em up real good!" His eyes shone with an almost devilish gleam.

Putting on my most sarcastic tone (which was totally wasted on him) I said, "Great! I'm sure you will Chad. You're the toughest guy I know."

I went inside and called for Holly. I really don't know why I bohtered, because I knew she wouldn't be ready until ten minutes before we had to be there. It was what her mother called her dating ritual.

"Holly? Are you ready?" I asked.

"Just a second, I'll be right down!" So I had at least twenty minutes to watch television, I thought. A half an hour later she came down the stairs.

"Ready?" she asked.

We arrived at the circus and Holly bought Chad a chili dog, large soda, peanuts and cotton candy.

"What a pig," she said as she shelled out the eight-fifty to pay the vendor.

THEN THE CLOWNS CAME OUT.

Before either of us could stop him, Chad leapt out of his chair and started hurling his food (As well as a few obscenities) at the clowns.

"You dirty rotten clowns! C'mon, I dare ya! I'll take you on!" Chad yelled.

Holly and I jumped after him and caught him before he could go over the wall that separated the audience from the ring. We left amid stares from baffled parents and awestruck children. When we got to my car, Holly gave Chad a much deserved swat on the behind. We hauled him home and put him to bed.

"It's not so bad," Holly said. "We can still catch a movie on the tube."

I picked up Chad's 'Creepy Clown Comix Monthly' and started reading aloud:

"When the moon is full" (it was)

"And the sky is bright,

Repeat these words for an awful fright-

'ICKY POO AND ICKY DOO,

BAD FORTUNE AND DOOM TO ME AND YOU."

There was a knock at the door.

Before either of us could answer it, the door exploded inward. Shards of wood flew everywhere. In the broken frame sotod four of the ugliest clowns I'd ever laid eyes upon.

"Gee, Holly, I think we're in trouble," I said as I backed away from the demonic clowns. They had the most gruesome faces I'd ever seen. Holly screamed as they advanced upon us.

"What do we do?" I asked.

"Scream," Holly replied. As the clowns bored down upon us in their murderous glee, we did just that. Then we heard Chad.

"Gee, these are the best clowns I've ever seen!"

It was the last thing I (and I believe Holly) heard.

A Beginning

You say that you love me
I know this may be true
But I can not control the way I feel
When I sit and think of you--

Some couples make promises
Some offer each other the world
We all have to make compromises
Or we will see our lives unwhirled--

But you and I are diverse,
Spontaneous and unexpected
I want you to know I'd give you the universe
But I've been told it's uncontainable--

Let's take this one slow
So we know we'll get it right
I want to move and grow closer to you
And I want you to hold me tight--

At the beginning of a new day
You have got to know you touch me
In that special way--

Angela Mason '90



Secrets

You must be quiet
for they may hear
Your secret kept
shall not reveal
What she told you
in your ear

Kelly McDonnell '91



Issac, my Irish Setter, is my best-friend in the world. But no-one seems to understand why. They look at me funny as if they've never heard of such a thing, and I just shrug and say, "Oh, well." I tell him my deepest secrets, and I know that he won't tell a soul. Sometimes I think he knows more than I do. You know, if he were never there for me, whom would I confide in?

Brandy McCroskey '92

If there was ever someone to love,
it was me.

All I ever wanted was to feel special,
and needed, to someone.

And that someone was you.

But you turned away,
so now I'm back being,
someone to love.

Brandy McCroskey '92

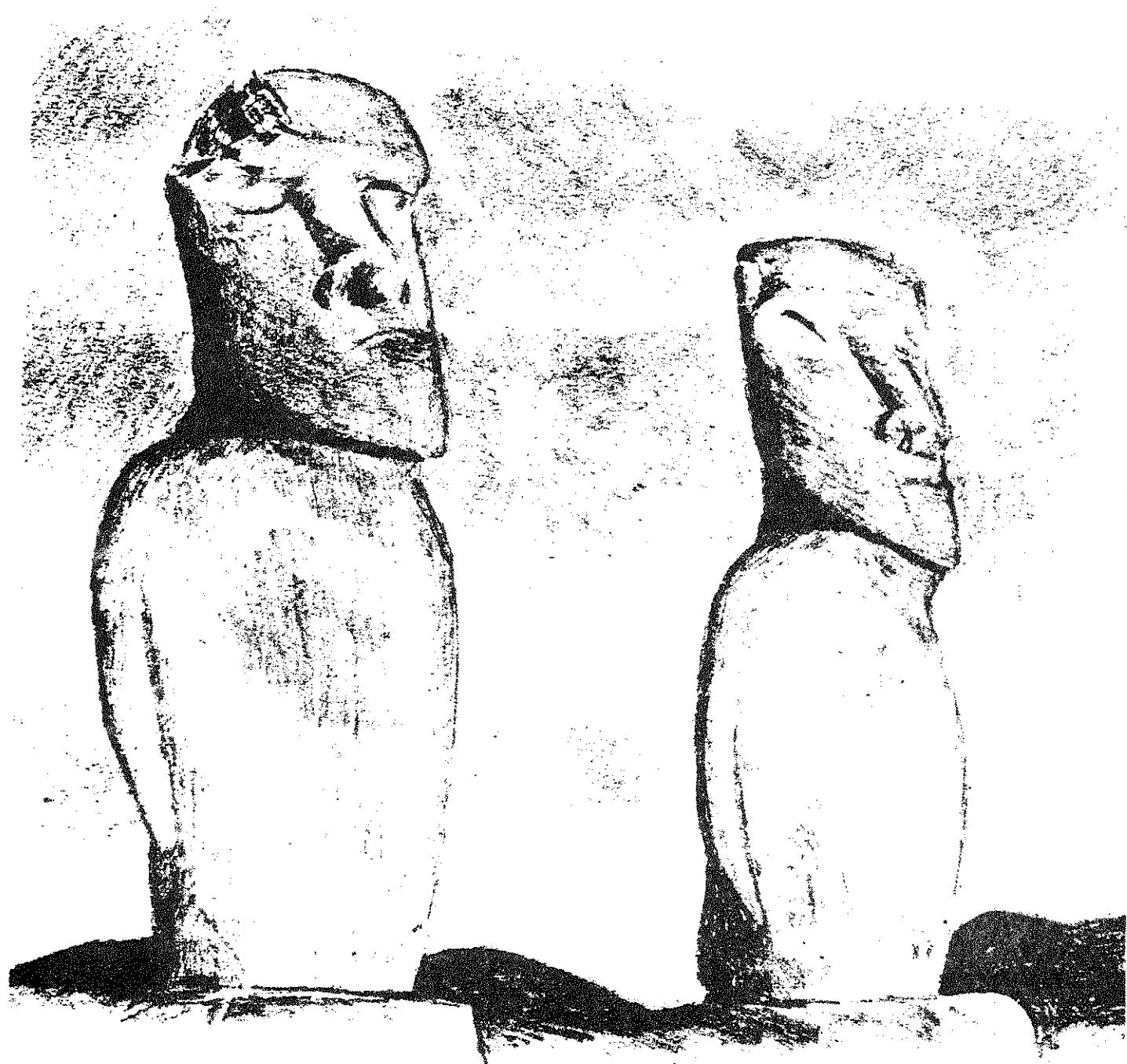
As I walk down this lonely dirt road,

I think of you, or so it goes.

You always made me laugh, made me feel
so good.

Now you're gone, and I don't know what to
do?

Brandy McCroskey '92



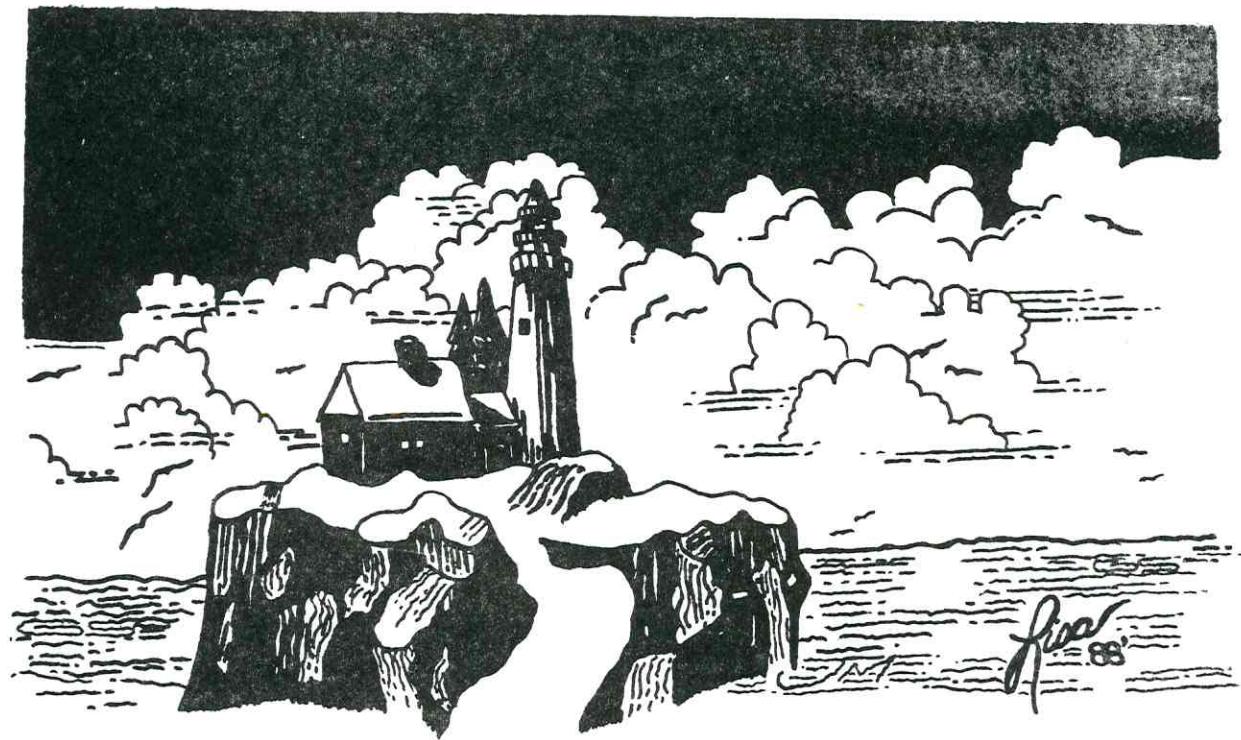
On the farm,
On a stretch of land,
A bright and slightly windy day,
In the morning,
The creak of barn doors,
Rooster's crowing,
Wind going through cracks,
Barn doors left open,
Leaves blowing in the yard,
The shadow's on the house,
Taking a walk in the field,
Sitting in the hay loft,
Walking through the empty house,
I will return in the long autumn,
Happy, I think, I guess we will see.

Brandy McCroskey '92

Resources of Waste

The days seem as though
They grow longer and longer.
But too shorter.
The air grows cool in the
early change of light into
the late night.
When the dawn arises
the grass is bristle like.
Turning into a different
dimensional network. Forming
crystals of the unknown.
I grow cold often
feeling a change of a
lost name haunting
my inner soul.
It is routine support of a
such amounts daily
withdrawn from our
natural time of environment.
Extracting a being often leaves
behind unwanted needs
that must be discarded.

Rachel Ortiz '89



Windswept
across the hillsides
Brittle foliage
drifting by
From mountains of green
to billows of color
Come a brittle, dying lifeform
Of the frigid, cold, weather
Laden with snow
unable to awaken
A dying leaf
Is all but forsaken

Kelly McDonnell '91

As I open the door to my room
I notice the toys and things I used
to play with, sitting in their
dusty corners.

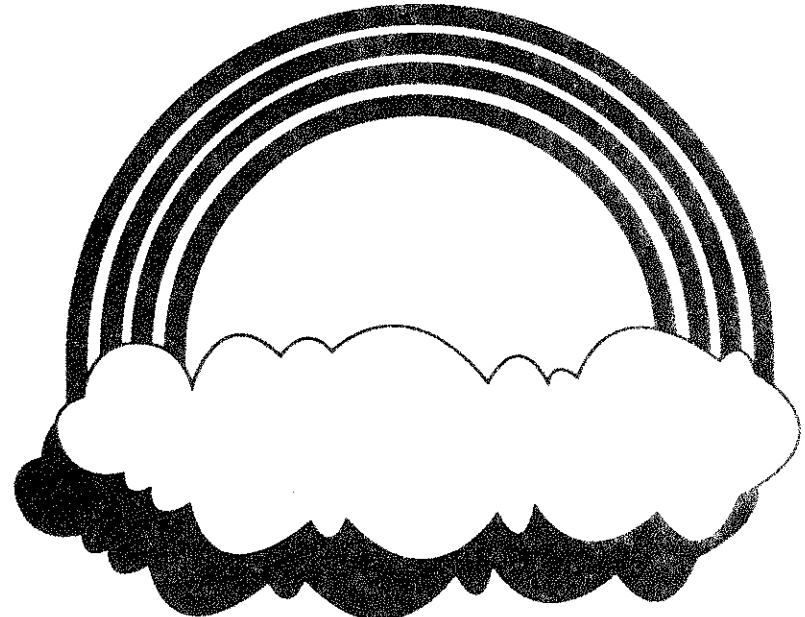
The teddy bear with one ear, and
the broken picture frame, of a love
that used to be.

The baseball bat sticking out from
under my neatly made bed.

Furniture undusted, carpet unsweep,
long ago birthday cards, for a
young girl turning of age.

Thinking, who is this young girl?
Certainly not I, for I have grown
up now, and life isn't so carefree.
I'd give anything to be young and
innocent again, but times have
changed. Haven't they?

Brandy McCroskey '92



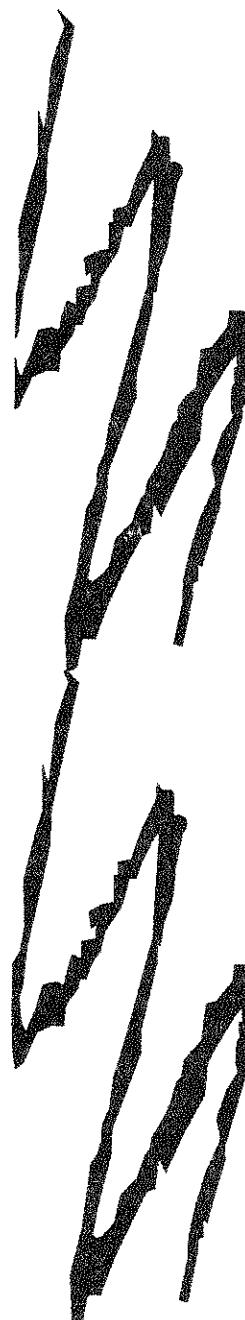
Clover and Violets

When the sun goes down
any spirits fast with the
winds of darkness.
Swaying to and forth
with no one particular form.

Scrambling in the fields
of clover... of violets.
Falling beneath my
feet of dew, a clutter
of sinking soil.

Pushing away the heavy
forces of hands from
my flesh into the
light of another day.

Rachel Ortiz '89



Exploring a Beat of Four Chambers

Through the day has ended the heat of
light blares down on the earth
surroundings. Touching us individually...
caution does not exist at this time.
Mountain is at great risk.

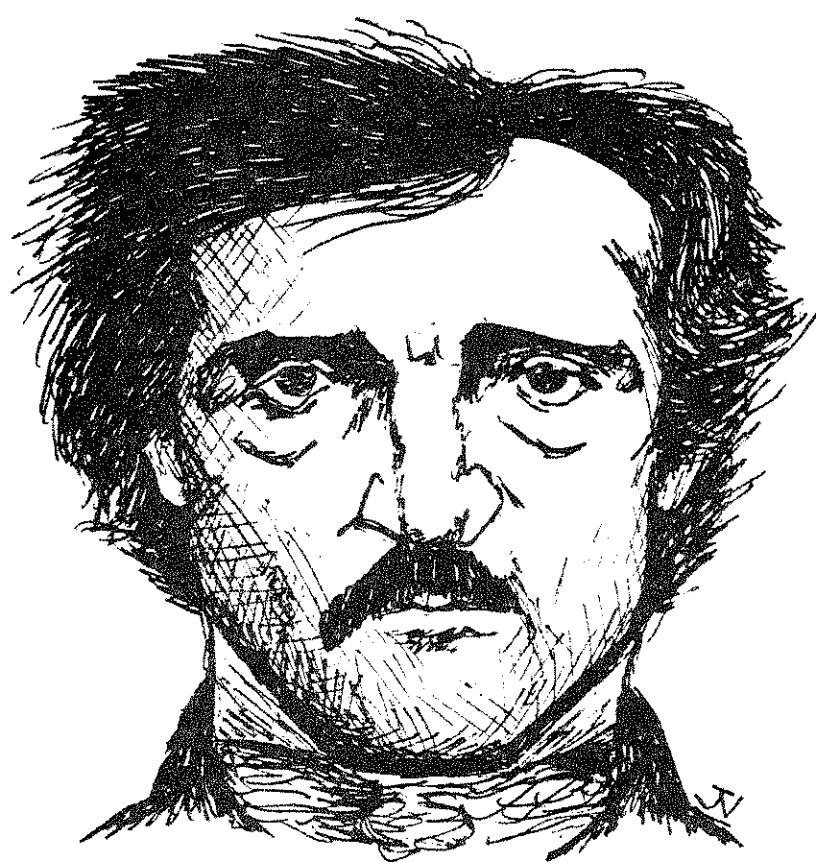
Rachel Ortiz '89

I used to be a crystal clear raindrop,
But now I am a dirty brown puddle.
I dream to become an elegantly blue sea.
I used to be a bright red apple.
But now I'm a little brown seed,
With love and care I'll soon be a
sturdy green tree.
I used to be a black lump of coal,
But now I'm an orange glowing ember,
What will happen to me now?



Chris Payson '89





At the Foot of the Tunnel

He stood at the foot of the tunnel. White light protruded from it engulfing him and nearly blinding him. He knew from somewhere within him that the light was good. It was the means to forget the past fifteen years or so years of his life and to perhaps start anew. Only the light from the tunnel was so bright that he didn't know where he would be going.

But the urge to go through was so great! He could hear the voices of children laughing on the other side. Another voice called over for him to come through, and he recognized it. An old friend from a year back. God, when was the last time he heard that hearty laugh, the jovial voice? An hour before his untimely death a year ago? And another call came for him across. His father who died in a fire at his office. Oh Lord, he wanted to see him again, to tell him that his son loved him even though he never showed it.

He started walking into the tunnel. Then the cry from behind him. He looked back and saw his mother. He was all she had left and she sat at the hospital bedside by his body. He looked at himself, comatose and tubes in his nose and left arm. Doctors were pushing his matter aside, racing to save his life. His mother cried out, "Damn you! Don't leave me!"

He ran back toward his body. A sensation of falling came over him and he blacked out.

A second later he opened his eyes and grasped for air. The long steady hum of the life-support system returned to a rhythmic beep. He groped for his mother's hand and said weakly, "Don't worry, Mom. I'm not gonna' leave you." He then shut his heavy, exhausted eyelids and slept.

Brant Allen Peitersen '91

Brad

It's not the same without you,
so alone and so afraid,
I thought we had it made.
What about us,
what about the way we were so in love.
When we were together,
I thought you'd never leave,
Now I know this time your gone forever.
Brad, only love can break your heart,
and fill you with desire and tear you all apart.
Only love can make you cry,
and believe me only love knows why.

Amber Rindler '92

My Friend

As I look at you now
I can see you then
Sharing our dreams
Just being my friend.

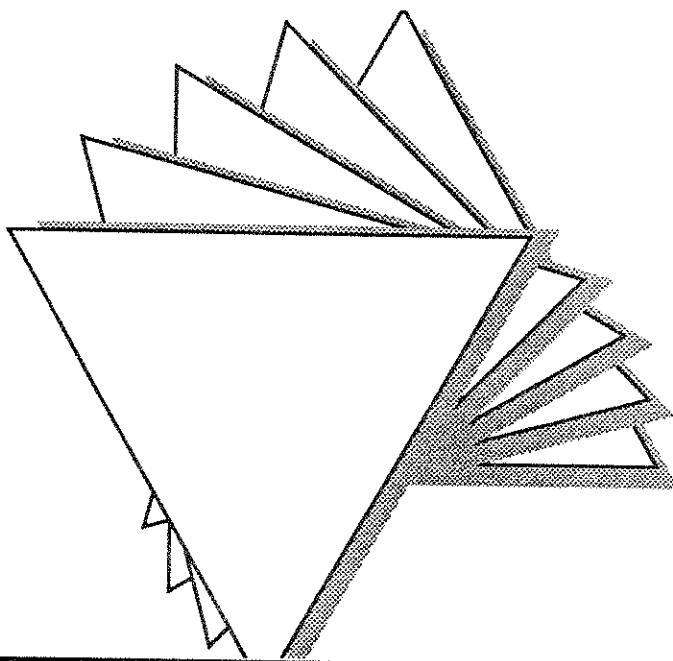
The trust that we had
Will never be found
For you could tell what I was thinking
Without me making a sound.

For you will never be forgotten
I'll think about you each day
I'm sorry, but to see you like this
I don't know what to say.

I wish there was something
Something I could of done
For I will never understand
Why you had to pick up that gun.

But now your life is over
And all your tomorrows are gone
And all that you have left
Is your name to carry on.

Jenny McReynolds'89



A Deadly Combination

Sarah and Traci had been complaining about the record heat for days.

"First, it's reasonably warm, now it's so stinking hot!" Traci said as she slapped a mosquito on her pretty face.

Sarah agreed with Traci.

"I know! It was 107 degrees yesterday. When is it ever gonna cool down?"

Traci suddenly spoke up with an idea.

"I know! How about we call up some of our friends and go to the pool?"

"Yeah!" Sarah said, bubbling with excitement. So they called up Jacqueline Brown and Jenny Hartman to see whether or not they could go to the pool. Neither had any objections. So, in a matter of minutes, a bikini-clad Jenny showed up, driving her beloved 1987 Chevy Cavalier convertible. And out they ran, off to the pool after a stop off at Jacqueline's.

Little did the foursome know what laid ahead of them several hours later. Jenny's nemesis Carolyn Harkens stopped off at the tavern.

Carolyn and her friend Gloria Wilson (a.k.a. Sneaky) confidently strutted up to the bar. Carolyn said to the bartender, "Give me and my friends two bottles of beer!"

The bartender, who was busy with a customer, said to Carolyn, "Just a minute!"

Carolyn rudely told the bartender, "Now!" The whole bar became silent.

The bartender walked over to Carolyn and Sneaky and said in a not so nice tone, "Do you see that sign over there? It says we can refuse service to anyone for any reason. Besides, you don't look like you're 21 yet. I want to see an I.D."

Carolyn took out a machine gun and held it up to the bartender's chest and said, "This is the only identification I need, sir! NOW SERVE ME SOME BEER!"

The bartender said, "No! Get out!"

Carolyn and Sneaky fired the machine guns at some of the booze and at some tables. A white-bearded man laughed while several others scrambled out of the tavern. The bartender, fearing for his life, began to serve Carolyn and Sneaky.

Four hours later, Carolyn and Sneaky were done drinking, and boy were they ever drunk. Carolyn said with several slurs, "Thanks, sir. We feel real good," as she tapped his shoulder. The duo of Sneaky and Carolyn staggered out of the tavern to the Carolyn Club van.

It was also four hours later when Sarah, Traci, Jacqueline and Jenny left the pool. They all got suntanned and had fun swimming.

Traci had another bright idea.

"How 'bout we call up some of our boyfriends and take them out for a night on the town?"

Jenny said, "Yes, but we have to change out of these wet clothes. We can call the boys from my house."

Everyone in the car agreed. Then, all of a sudden, Jacqueline saw something swerving towards them at a very high rate of speed. She asked Jenny, "What's that?"

Jenny asked, "Huh?" Then, just as the "thing" hit the car, Jenny screamed. The last thing she remembered hearing was two familiar laughs. The two that belonged to Carolyn and Sneaky.

Sneaky laughed to Carolyn, "I think we got Jenny at long last!"

A few hours later, the police were investigating the cause of the accident. One police said to another, "You, it's a miracle that these two survived," pointing to Jenny and Jacqueline, "without a scar." Traci and Sarah had been marred beyond recognition, and both, who had bled to death, were laying on top of each other.

cont.....

Jenny, barely conscious, said, "Only one car could've gone that fast!"
"Who?" asked a policeman.

"The van belonging to Carolyn Harkens!"

"Thank you!" And with that, the police sped to Carolyn's house and arrested her for driving while intoxicated. Her blood-alcohol content was .30, three times the legal limit!

Two things happened happened the following Friday. First, Carolyn was grounded (again). Her father warned her never to drink again. Carolyn agreed, but you can bet she lied to her dad, as usual.

The second thing was Traci and Sarah's funeral. Everyone cried as they passed the two medium-sized bronze caskets, which were closed during the ceremony. Their lives, as well as many others, were wasted by a drunk driver named Carolyn Harkens, as well as many other drunk drivers across the country.

The End

Brian Rathjen '90

You are like a dream coming out of the fog, revealing your beauty. I am overcome with emotions, a feeling of beauty that is so powerful it can kill, a feeling of smallness is so near I feel I must bow down to your shadow. A feeling of security that you will always be near. When you are away, the world seems to stand still, and when you return the world seems to be full of life. Your eyes are so beautiful, they could take a rock and turn it into gold. When I peer into your eyes, I feel as though I am intruding on private property and should be put in jail for eternity. Your voice is so soothing you could tame the wildest lion by whispering in its golden ear. If anyone should hear this most delicate voice, their ears should be chopped off and thrown into the sea. No one should be so privileged to hear this sacred sound. Your beauty is so great, if you walk in the forest, the trees will bow down to your greatness. If you walk on the beach the waves will flatten out so as not to disturb you. You are like a dream, coming out of the fog-revealing your beauty.

Ryan Riewerts '91

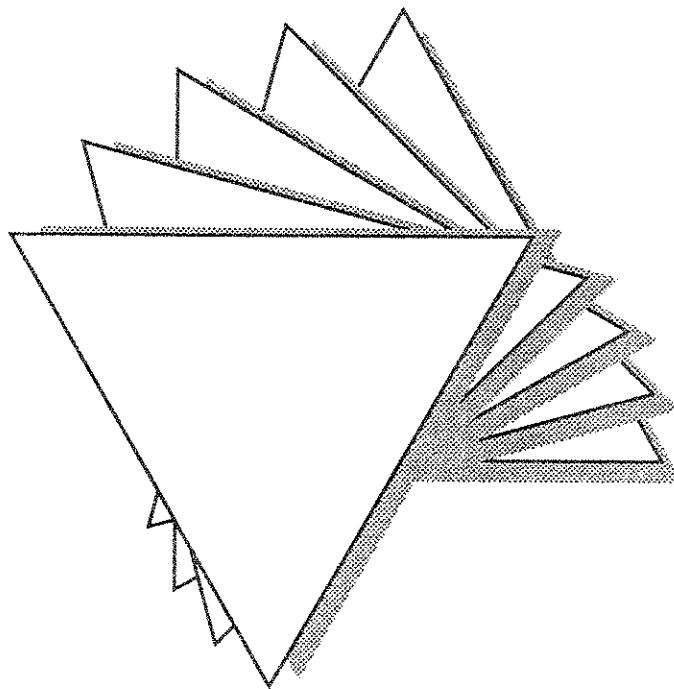
You're so beautiful it's fascinating. Your beauty is in so many different ways it's mysterious. Your voice so soothing, it could calm the fiercest storm. As I look into your eyes I am filled with peace, and I feel like nothing can touch me. And then our eyes meet, and it is like a vision of perpetual stillness. I cannot move, not an inch, your beauty has frozen me in time.

Ryan Riewerts '91

The Gift

I feel like I'm on top of the world,
and the people swirling around me
can tell I'm about to explode with happiness.
The wind lifts my hair back from my face
and the water keeps it there,
so that nothing obstructs my view of the
flat, white sand.
I hear voices that no one else does,
yet I'm sure they can feel the music,
can see it in my face.
Blinding sunlight, low in the sky.
Any moment now I'll have to share this.
Not even the waves can wash away the words.
The beat isn't right to
walk to, a style all its own.
What I wouldn't give...

Megan Schirman '89



Broken Promises

Overhead, hungered vultures shrieked searching a day's prey while countless multicolored grains shifted in futility, continually crashing waves exploded in my ear as salty morning mists from the ocean would moisten my panting tongue. Only when my exhausted muscles collapsed relentlessly onto sandy grounds was my heart convinced that I'd run extensively enough. For months, I vowed that never would I restrain my exuberant love for this ritual preceding my every day.

Presently, these dreams lie ostensibly distant beyond my ever-weakening grasp. Days of my past, which I swore to remember, grow hazy even to the utmost remote pockets of my memory. I idly pass my precious time gazing through this broken window, shattered my failing heart, (that once raced with incredible swiftness it often abandoned me pondering in awe.)

As I contemplated this disgraceful failure, the slight pressure of a slippery descending tear leaves my spine tingling with its agonizing iciness. One after another they arrive expanding before my eyes, each burning drop releasing minute fragments of guilt from personal disappointment half a century ago.

Sparkling streams of tiny beads flow across this leathery face of mine and remind me of clearly pure I'd tasted as a youngster wandering about colory forest behind this place of mortification. Like an artist's palette, its vividness dazzled me, leaving my mind swirling in colors.

While it begins to rain, my silent invitation brings the shower of solace through this glassless window, gently wiping away these emotional signifiers. I dare not look into the mirror, my obvious decrepitude enough to induce more flowing tears. Before morning I must regain my equanimity for relatives who'll certainly visit on my birthday...? After all my turmoil and grief, aren't I still entitled to my pride? Until then, I shall desert these broken promises once again, closing my eyes and praying for the long night to come.

Tanya Soenksen '92

Forever, the End

I remembered, when he held me close;
That feeling that rushed inside me,
That feeling of warmth and tenderness
So now gone, no longer to be shared,

I miss it so, no more to hear those special words,
"I love you," those words, which such a short while ago,
Gave me a feeling of being needed.
Someone so close
To share my deepest secrets and thoughts with,
Now the dark, empty feeling is in my heart,
The End has come; Forever.

Becky Schroeder '91





Baby Blue

There he was, all bandaged up from the accident. How I hated seeing him lying in that cold and lifeless hospital bed. As his head rose sluggishly to see who had entered the room, his baby blue eyes began to sparkle and dance. I approached him with much anticipation. A smile crept across his face, a childish grin filled with so much pain and so much that needed to be said.

With great care, I took his limp hand in mine, knowing it would be the last time. Just by taking his hand, all his hopes for the future, all his fears of what was inevitably going to happen, and all his pains and suffering became mine. A tear wearily made the long journey down my grieving face. It landed gently on his hand. He uttered the words, "I love you." The smile gradually disappeared. Something had stolen the sparkle from his eyes. Then his eyes fluttered shut.

I stayed at his bedside, tears rolling down my face until his brother came into the hall. Now I only have memories of those precious baby blue eyes.

Amy Shannon '92

Idiosyncracies

I know that when I eat sandwiches
in the tub I drop little bits of
lettuce and tomato in the water,
& I like to turn the bass all
the way up on the stereo,
& I don't always dust the book--
shelves when I clean the house,
& I've spent nearly every cent that
I've ever earned,
& when I fight with my boyfriend, sometimes
I act like a child.

But at least I don't yell so loudly
that my voice is heard through
the headphones,
& I don't hunt,
& I don't build nuclear weapons.



Megan Schirman '89

There was the car.
 Big for two year old eyes.
 The door swung open.
 The lady grasping her hand tightly.
 They appeared.
 An older couple.
 Friendly eyes.
 They fixed themselves upon the child.
 Finally.
 Too many children dead.
 This was another chance.
 The little girl slowly walked up to them.
 Curly haired and baby plump.
 They reached for the tiny hand.
 She took it.
 "Mommy? Daddy?"
 "Yes, these are your new parents."
 "Hey, Punky," her new Dad said.
 The visions of the orphanage.
 A memory.
 The future
 Looked bright.

Growing up.
 The hard part.
 Wondering.
 Enjoying the carefree teenage years.
 Where you came from.
 A mystery.
 Surrounded by people who love you.
 Wondering some more.
 Who your mother was.
 Going to school dances.
 Where you were born.
 Celebrating holidays.
 Did she remember?

Married life.
 Children.
 A handful.
 Who do they look like?
 Where did he inherit those eyes?

And her hair.
 Where does it come from?
 Bills
 Cozy winter days.
 Send them to school.
 Take care of the family.
 Who resembles...?
 Forget it.
 Mom's alive.
 The best mother a person could have.
 Good to the children.
 They don't know.
 She's really not Grandma.
 Who is?
 Never mind.

She's gone.
 Mother.
 Why?
 To be an orphan.
 Dad's long gone.
 Who now?
 What about her?
 Is she still alive?

The search is about done.
 Two days have passed.
 The information known.
 Need to be sure.
 The children are growing up.
 They need to know.
 So does their mother.
 Only a few more facts
 To put the puzzle together.

Uncle Johnny.
 For sure.
 "I have a nephew."
 "Looks just like him."
 Pointed to the oldest
 The son.
 Descendant.
 Looks like her family.
 It is for real.

What next?
 Approach her?
 At the door.
 Chicago slum.
 Her home.
 Her husband answered.
 Old man.
 Skinny.
 Old.
 Her.
 Old.
 Crying.
 Happy.
 Glad to be reunited.
 With that long lost daughter
 She had to give up.
 Long ago.
 No money.
 Then.
 She had a beautiful family.
 A lot like her other children.
 Her daughter's half-sisters.
 It is not a dream.
 It is for real.
 Tears flow.
 Apologies.
 Acceptance.

The family sits.
 In the alley.
 Fireworks from the ball park symbolize the new beginning.
 New.
 Exciting.
 Scary.
 But promising.
 No more questions.
 The important ones
 Were answered.

Kelli Hoag '90



Every time I look at you
I look into your eyes that
are so blue.
I think of what could of happened
but you wouldn't even go
on to the last dance
Now it is over, the harm
is all done,
I really keep wishing that I would have won.
Now here we are face to face.
All you wanted was to be free
and have some space.
So now you got what you
wanted, just don't ever forget
me and always remember how
it used to be.

Kerri Stein '92

Want

All I want is you.
Is that too much to ask?
Just to have a love that is true?
You don't even think it's going
to work out, I guess you don't
love me the way I love you.
I want to hold me, like
you did that one special night,
I want you to always be in
my sight.
I heard you wanted to
get serious with me, but
now I know that way
will never be.
I'll never forget your blue
eyes, you were never like
any other of the guys.
You'll never know how
much pain you caused me,
but I will always want you,
can't you see?

Kerri Stein '92

Practical Jokes

John was sitting in his desk looking devilishly at all of the other kids in his class. John wasn't very tall, but he was nasty, the ultimate practical joker. He had reddish-brown hair and a face etched in mischief. His beady little brown eyes slid back and forth across the room, registering potential victims. His hands would rub furiously because they wanted to hold something. A tube of toothpaste, water bucket, little packets of ketchup from the school lunch line, anything. His tongue lashed across his chicken lips, happy at what he already did. He was always dressed in a t-shirt, pants, tennis shoes and a windbreaker with lots of pockets to hold ammunition. And then it happened. He could hear the tension in the principal's voice as he called John's name over the intercom.

The principal was a very big man. You wouldn't want to mess with him, but John did. Especially since the principal had a nose big enough to seek shelter under and he knew what the kids said about him.

As John arrived in the office, a wrecking crew was using a chainsaw to get into the principal's office. John knew he was sunk as the principal walked out with his face red and the whole telephone stuck to his hand so he would have to yell for help. In his other hand was an I.D. card which was John's. It had fallen out when John pulled the glue out of his pocket.

In case you haven't figured it out by now, John had glued everything in the principal's office, including the door, with super-strong glue.

The principal grabbed John's arm with his free hand and pulled him to the gym where all the students and teachers had assembled. The principal really wanted to get John, so he brought him in front of the class and was going to spank him. He was mad!

But before he could, he started to itch. John had poured itching powder down his pants to fortify his escape.

Now he is in another school district, with more victims who are ignorant to his potential danger. And then it happened...

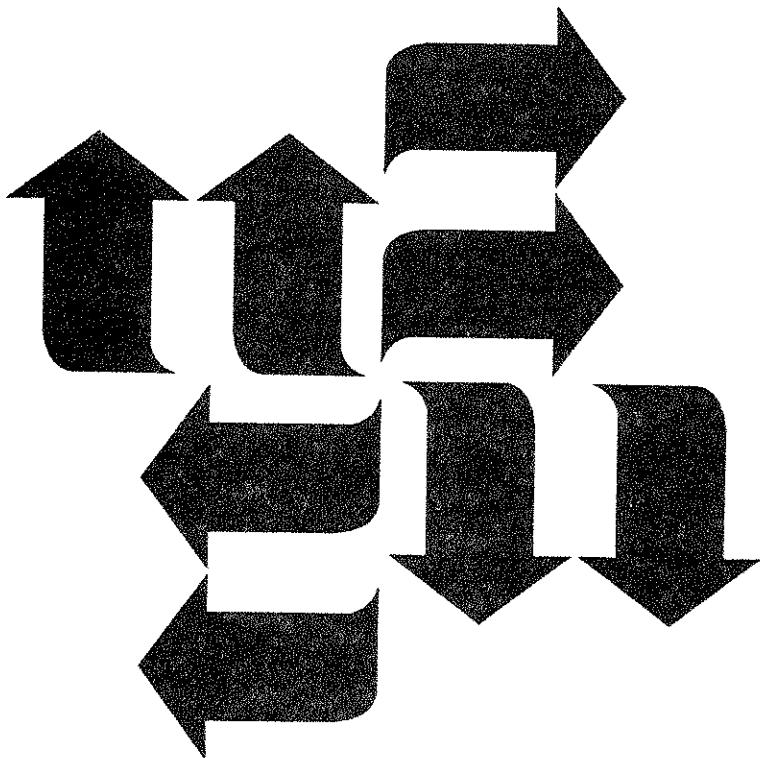
Terry Tobin '90

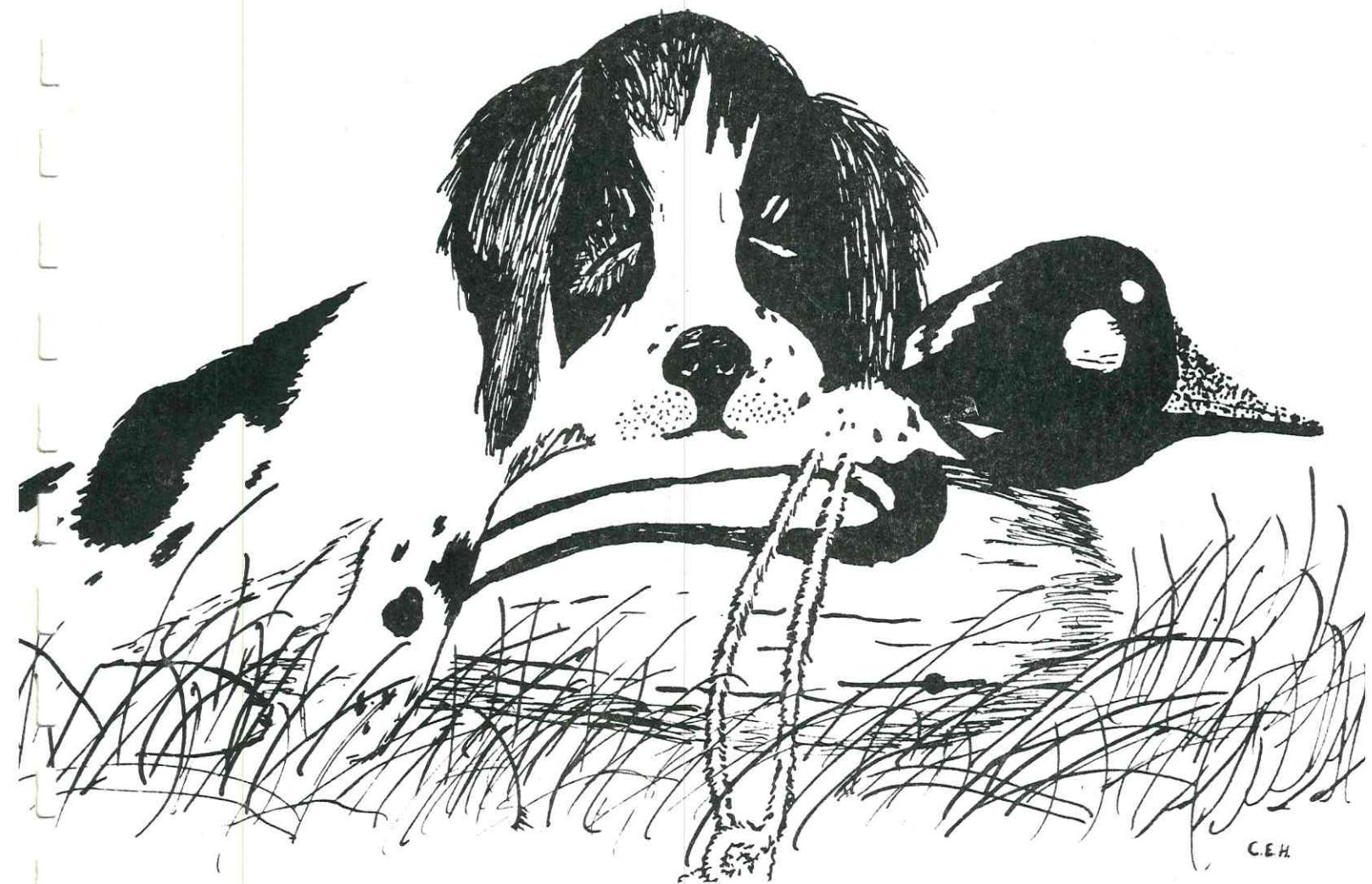
A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Terry Tobin", is written in a cursive, flowing style.

....Fear....

The gun trembled in her hand...as tears rolled down her flushed face.
It was planned carefully step by step...the torture he had put her through will soon be turned on
him...he will pay....
She relived so many times before the wrath of his powerful hand skillfully striking...
She knew it had to be done...She was the only one to do it....
....carefully she slid her long nail down the side of the gun...placing it in her pale, delicate hand....
The silence was deafening and every sound seemed twice as powerful...
He had to be coming home soon...he'll be home....soon...
The darkness was blinding and every flash of light was a startle to her glowing eyes...
A phone ring pierced the silence...slowly she stumbled across the floor with the gun creeping in her
hand....With the other, she reached for the phone...Slowly picking it up... It was him...he's going to be
late...silence abound as the phone clicked down...She had to wait longer...it's going to seem like
forever...until he's here...soon...soon...he'll come home and she will be there....waiting....for daddy...this
time he will feel the fear she has felt...the fear...and the tortureing pain...soon...

Lisa Smith '91





Somebody Sea

Sadness
no longer
pertains
to me,
Now a
nightmare
terror all
about...
fearously
I scamper...
Thru the
darkness of life...
no life for me,
for I am a
nobody,
in a somebody sea...

Lisa Smith '91



Lost Love

I saw him standing there as I'd seen him do time after time. As I shuffled my feet past him, he turned ever so slowly and gracefully. He gave me a small grin. As I looked deep into his enormous brown eyes, I knew that he was just a child and that he needed me. He said that he had so many fears and mysteries. Then he kissed me, and everything I ever loved before melted away.

He took my cold, rough hand into his, and we began to walk ever so slowly down the cold, empty road. Then suddenly as I turned to tell him I loved him, he told me he had to go. His smile was gone, and his eyes were cold. As he turned to leave, I heard him whisper, "Sometimes remember me." I answered, "Always."

Lee Ann Shelledy '92



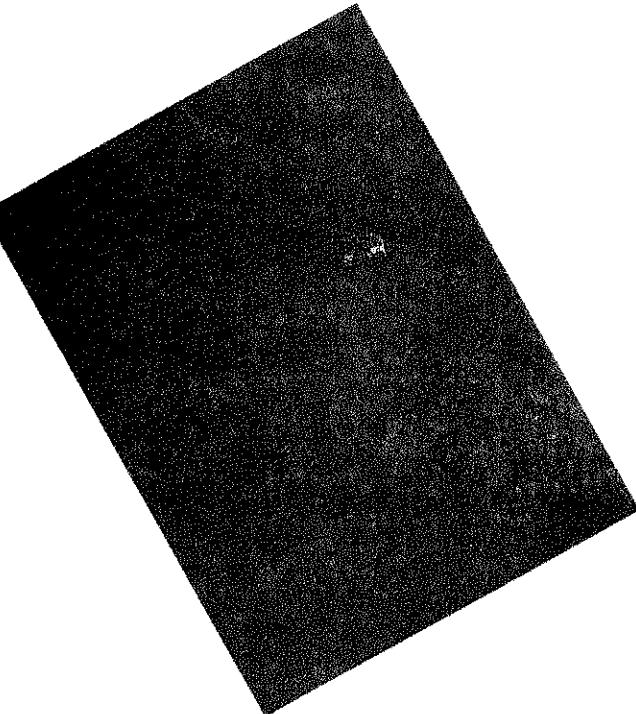
Halloween Poem

It was on Halloween night
And as I remember
It was close to midnight
Cold, cloudy was the weather
As I approached the track
I observed a silent walker
All dressed in black
And a eye on his shoulder
as he moved nearer
cold getting colder
Tremor and fear
grew more and more
I could see no face
But the words came out
There was no trace
of eyes, nose, or mouth
He said, "I know who you are.
As you can see
I come from afar
to take you with me."
I started to run
It was a footrace
when up came the sun
And I knew I was safe
The last words he made
"I will be back
You'll die by my blade."
And disappeared as he laughed.

Brian Stowe '90

Mary is the one I love
Her wearing her white gloves
She looks so pretty standing there
Mary her sweet smelling brown hair
I am without a care
Just as long as Mary is standing near.

Craig Spotts '89



Death is almost here.
Guns sounding made it clear.

Like the sweet scent of Mom's apple pie,
The smell of death rose in the air.

A police action is all,
A democracy we fight for.

Who are these people?
Koreans they say.

What of my family, what of they
There's no way out...

"Who put me here?" is all
I could say.

Wayne Whitesides '89

Alone

All alone in a world
of pain, as the endless
night roles in again
and again.

The sun, it sets far
and fast along the West.
Darkness has once again
come; as the stars shine
in unison together as one.

Daylight comes and the
feeling fades, only to
return at the end of another day.

Stacie Wilkins '89

Stalking through
the tall, concealing
jungle, the lioness
finds her pray. Silence
falls...

Stacie Wilkins '89

Hear My Plea

don't turn away from me.
i may be young.
i may even be immature
but i am worth your time.

don't turn away from me.
i need you now
as always.

once i meant so much to you.
what has changed?
is it me? or you?

please.
don't turn away from me now.
leaving, you will take the best part of me.
without you, i may forget how to be happy.

help me remember.
help me be free.
don't turn away from me now.

Jami Van Ryswyk '90

Used Sonnet

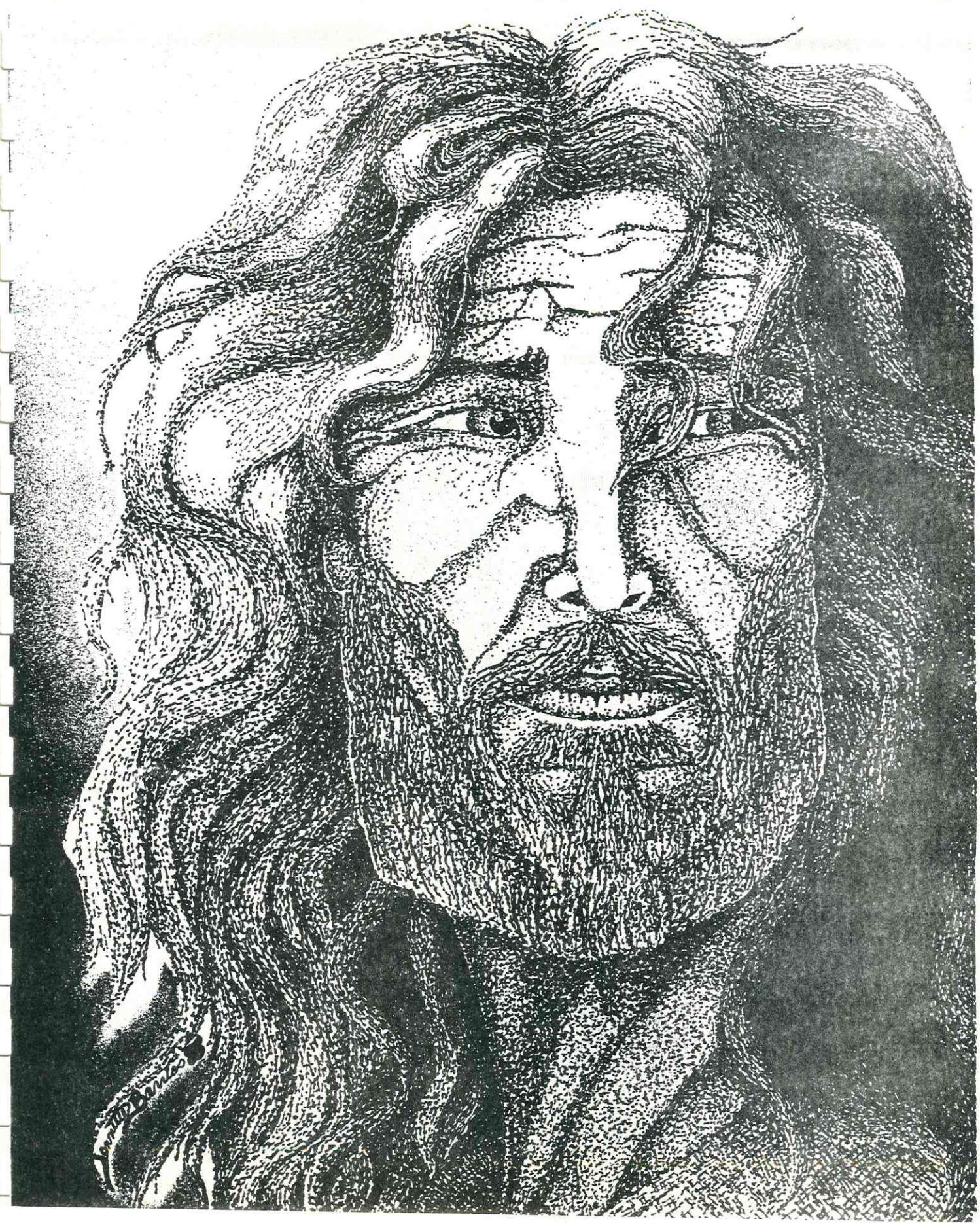
As I wandered...
desolate
in my self-inflicted exile-
I wept
for a love long lost.
Unknowingly best for it.

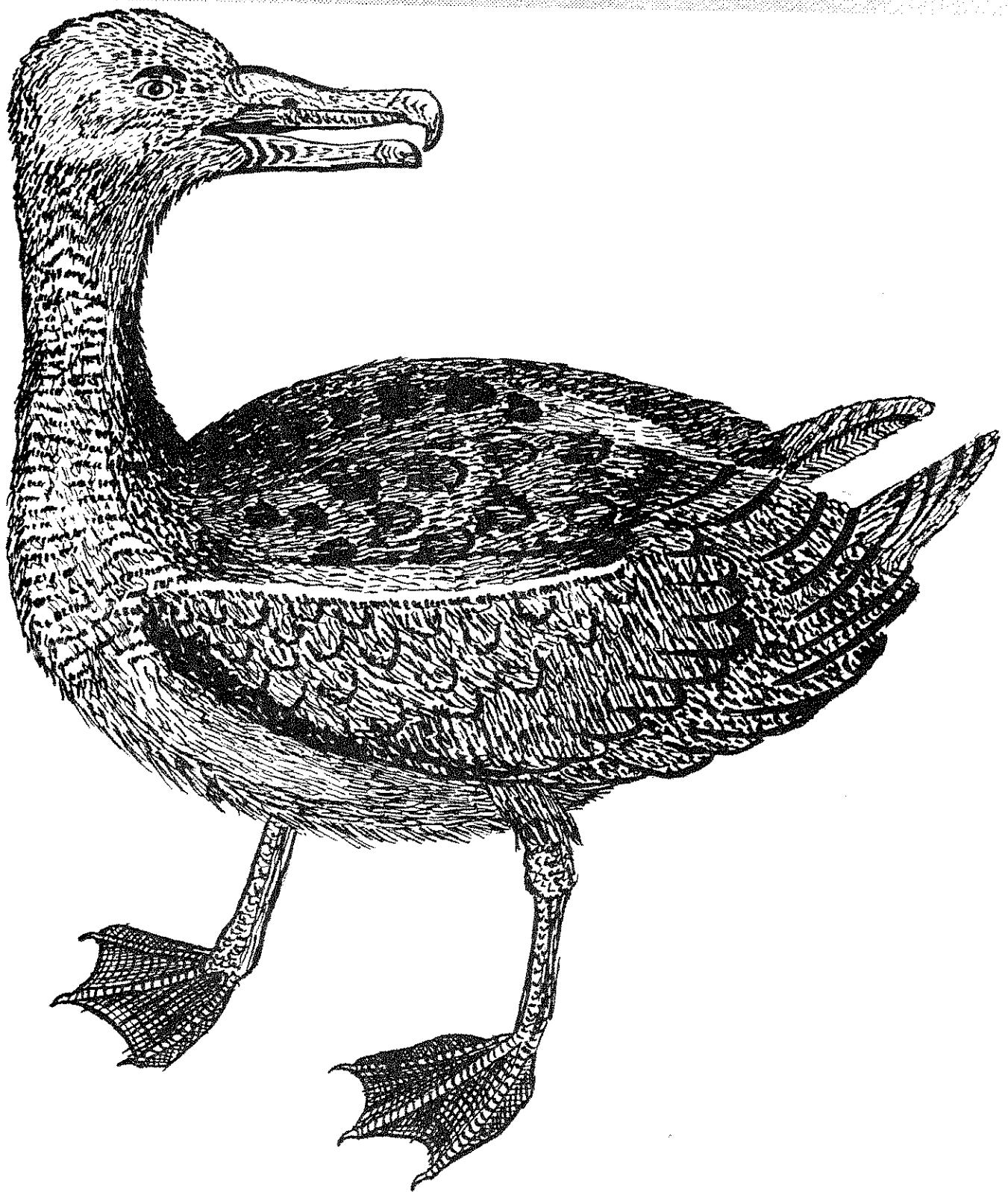
I stumbled upon a verse
Penned in ages past
But for me only.

That one insignificant bard
with the fruit of his efforts
In keeping with his emotions...
Could help to mend
One hardened healing heart
Centuries on.

Miracles never cease.

Jami Van Ryswyk '90





It was all one night
just in a sight
you had left me there
I was worried and scared
that you never cared
I was waiting for your call
but you just seemed to fall more deep
you never said a word
and I was never heard from you
until one night you were gone forever
you said you'd come back
as I started to cry
I heard a sigh
and saw you standing in the doorway
you asked me back
I said no as I walked away.

Zestee Zimpleman '92

As for me...

As for me.
I'll take my happiness
Where I find it.
I will not go looking
In the vacant eyes
Of the ones I love desperately.
Waiting for their response
Would be foolishness.

You can spend your life
Any way you choose.
But-
Are you happy?

As for me,
I'll take my happiness
where it finds me.

Jami Van Ryswyk '90

Later...!

Goodbye dear friend.
I loved you
As you were
I respect you
As you are
I needed you then
I understand you now
I'll remember our faults
But carry no bitterness
I'll splendor in the memories
And learn from mistakes.
And someday
I will be proud to say
You were once a part of me.
Goodbye dear friend.
Forever and always.

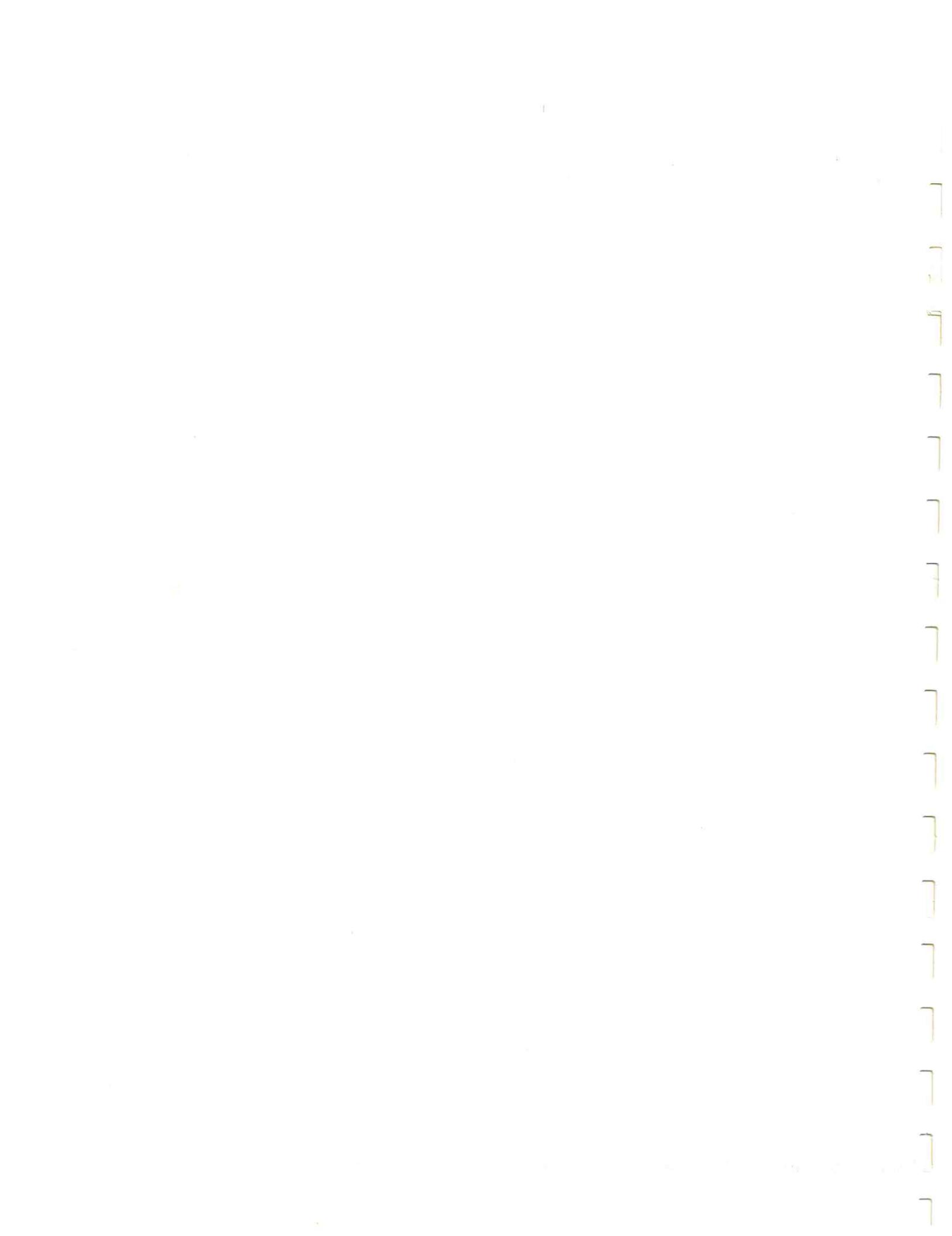
Jami Van Ryswyk '90





WRITERS' INDEX

Bekkum, Chad	1
Birtell, Amy	1
Birtell, Jenny	1, 2
Carr, Nikki	4
Catlin, Sheri	4, 5
Dobernecker, Robin	6
Hannum, Jenny	8
Hauger, Michelle	8
Heiman, Janeen	10
Hoag, Kelli	12, 50
Iossi, Ryan	19
Langfitt, Greg	28
Lassiter, Jeff	30
Lavender, Teri	25
Lindaman, Brian	13, 26
Litwiller, Krystal	13, 15
Lockhart, Victoria	23, 28
Lung, Heidi	18, 21
Mason, Angela	31
McCroskey, Brandy	33, 35, 37
McDonnell, Kelly	29, 31, 37
Meyers, Kim	21
Morey, Dan	26
Ortiz, Rachel	35, 38
Paysen, Chris	38
Peitersen, Brant Allen	41
Rathjen, Brian	44
Riewerts, Ryan	44
Rindler, Amber	41
Schirman, Megan	45, 49
Shannon, Amy	49
Shelley, Lee Ann	46
Schroeder, Becky	46
Smith, Lisa	54, 56
Soenksen, Tanya	42
Spotts, Craig	58
Stein, Kerry	52
Stowe, Brian	58
Tobin, Terry	53
Van Ryswyk, Jami	60, 64
Whitesides, Wayne	59
Wilkins, Stacie	59
Zimpleman, Zestee	63



ARTISTS' INDEX

Barrios, Jeannette	61
Dalton, Pam	51
Ferguson, Karla	14
Fite, Amy	39
Eckhart, James	62
Gerardy, Diana	3, 32, 57
Hatala, Carl	55
Hengl, Heather	9
Hess, Lee	7
Hirl, Amy	48
Lassiter, Jeff	65
Moore, Beth	22
Muschman, Terry	20
Nagel, Jesse	34, 40, 47
Nash, Shana	front pg.
Rathje, Sara	27
Smith, Lisa	36
Wilkins, Stacie	17
Willis, Jerry	11

